

# THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II.

BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1806.

No. 38.

Printed and published by COLE & HEWES, 4 N. Charles-st.  
FOR THE EDITOR.

## NO. 3.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

*Castigat ridendo mores.*—In laughing he corrects the times.

I know that if well informed Americans have with regard to taste, an opinion as enlightened and as liberal as the Sylphs, the infancy of their country, as they themselves acknowledge, does not permit, that notwithstanding their disposition towards it, these ideas should yet be general as they must become, to establish the glory of nation. However the rapidity with which their deserts have become almost magically transformed into civilized regions, leaves not a doubt, that as soon as the eyes of the Americans are opened, they will make as striking a progress in the arts, as they have done in commerce. Already they can boast distinguished orators, and the example amongst others of the celebrated Benjamin West, (a native of Philadelphia, and who is at present first painter to the king of England) affords ample proof, that when the inhabitants of this country, shall have seen what is really beautiful, when they shall have learnt to know and appreciate it, they will erect altars to the fine arts that will rival those of Greece, and every other nation which the perfection of taste has immortalized.

I told you that I had at length met with a Sylph, but it is impossible to express to you the delight with which I found in him, a being whose feelings were congenial to my own, who could converse on those subjects which I understand and delight in, for the arts and sciences are the balm of the understanding, as friendship is that of the heart.

It is almost needless to tell you that my little comrade had already lived as many lustres, as I had passed years; the austerity of some of his remarks will shew you, that

the bitter fruits of experience have soured his disposition; besides too, the weakest beings are always the most choleric, witness, the humming bird, the female sex, and all the other pretty miniatures of creation—we must then excuse in him a little petulance and rather as it has been long ago said, “to vindicate taste, is to serve our country.”

It is to be supposed, that Sylphs occupy themselves very little, with the price of stocks, the quality and rate of tallow, hides and pitch—these matters have no attractions for them, they are even dangerous to their azure wings, their frail existence, and the odours that generally exhale from stores and ware-houses, suffice to make them fly on rapid wings—the progress and the state of the human understanding on this continent, these then formed the subjects of our conversation.

I venture however to make you this confession only as the most profound secret; because in commercial countries, where merit is estimated by the *embonpoint* of the strong box, no other topic of conversation can excite interest, and every one who dares to jest with the sublime divinity CASH must hazard being considered as profane; therefore in this confidential communication, I rely entirely on your discretion, because otherwise, the name of Sylph might become as fatal, in America, as that of *Muscadin* was, under the reign of the Vandal Robespierre.\*

I enquired of my old friend the Sylph, what was the state of the fine arts in this country? Why do you talk to me about the fine arts, said he, they are unknown.—How replied I, have you no learned, no artists? Pardon

\* During the reign of terror under Robespierre, all those who did not wear the hair cropped and without powder, who ever wore a white cravat, clean boots, and could speak their language correctly, was distinguished by the title of *Muscadin*—that is to say a *man of perfumes*, or of *haut ton*, and of consequence became immediately suspected as an enemy to the state.



me, replied he, there are of both here, who would do honour to Europe and would be distinguished there; but as yet, they are here only like those royal beasts who sadly vegetate in a menagerie where they cannot shew their might. How should the arts be naturalized in a country where there are no *amateurs* and to become amateur, must we not commence by esteeming artists and men of learning; must we not already know how to seek them; is it not in short in their society alone that taste and genius can be developed? You will judge then of the steps that remain to be taken on these points in this country, when I tell you that the men of whom I have spoken to you, are placed in the rank of artizans and *mechanics*!!! Should you make some stay here, you shall be convinced of this by your own experience; I will introduce you into circles that will not permit you to preserve a single doubt of this shameful truth: However, added he, smiling with a sardonic air, I have heard that in a certain assembly of the inhabitants of this country, on a certain day, it was decreed amongst themselves, that their nation was the most polished and enlightened of the universe—if this is not a very modest illusion, replied I, its patriotism at least renders it as excuseable as that of those mothers, who think their own children, the most accomplished of creatures. But I am the more confounded at what you tell me of the fate of genius in this country, since it is believed as a sacred dogma in all the philosophic coteries of Europe, that it is in republics alone, the man of merit and talents, can enter a career worthy of himself whilst in monarchies, say they, he who is without fortune is always loaded with contempt, mortified by humiliations and lost in misery and obscurity. Oh! Oh! cried the old Sylph, I have heard all that nonsense too from haughty misanthropes, and ambitious hypocrites; but you know well, it never existed but in splenetick brains, boiling with envy and rage against all those who were above them.

In the old world, in all civilized countries, the man distinguished by brilliant talents, were he even the son of the meanest citizen, was ennobled, admitted into the order of knights, and the nobility treated him as an equal; princes and great men courted him, loaded him with favours, lodged him in their palaces, and honoured him with important employments, or, at least, with the most flattering attentions; and the proudest and most unbending aristocrat piqued himself upon attending to him, that he might appear more great in shewing himself enlightened. But here, my friend, Raphael would be but a dauber, Phydias a stone-cutter, that would be paid by the job and

the foot, and the genius of a Vauban would be no more esteemed than that of a *Master Mason*.<sup>\*</sup> What I advance is so true, that I can shew you in the public register, articles of expence thus entered—

So much for “HIRE of the ENGINEER and Masons.”

How! cried I: it is well I do not understand English, or I could not forbear launching out the most energetic imprecations against such vandalism. That you may not suffocate, resumed my old companion, do as the ladies do—repeat them mentally. O, replied I, I have already done so. Far then, continued my companion, far from the fine arts distinguishing their possessor here, the descendant of the Cæsars himself, a man covered with the most respectable scars, but reduced, through the consequences of his delicacy and his principles, to walk on foot with honour or genius alone for his patrimony, would be less esteemed, less sought after than he who comes from the other side of the ocean, proclaiming by his luxury the proofs of his crimes and his dishonour, or than the dull blockhead who happens to have learned the *sublime art* of metamorphosing his wheelbarrow into a gaudy equipage. This is so true, that the veriest upstart, who possesses the immense merit and importance (risible it is true) which horses, a carriage, and fine houses, even though accompanied by the meanest capacity, bestows, thinks himself obliged to observe no forms even of simple politeness, towards a man of the most distinguished qualifications and most finished breeding, provided his only possessions are talents, which elsewhere would procure him the highest consideration. It is thus folly indemnifies itself for its own insignificance, by despising merit of which it is destitute; it is thus that ignorance mechanically avoids all repulses, whatever can excite comparisons that would be but little flattering to vanity and self love.

Is it possible cried I, in my turn, and does not the whole universe know, that *Alexander the Great* often visited *Apelles* and that forgetting beside him, the immensity of his glory and his pride, he appeared to him only a plain individual and a real friend!

Did not the Republics of Greece, decree in the council of the Amphictions solemn thanks to Polignotes, and did they not ordain that he should be magnificently supported

<sup>\*</sup> The celebrity of Raphael is sufficiently known, as well as that of Phydias, author of the famous statue of Jupiter Olympian, which was placed amongst the seven wonders of the world. And it is to Marshal Vauban we are indebted for the degree of perfection that the art of fortification, and the science of besieging, has attained. He lived under Louis the Great.

† How should he observe what he don't know.



during his life in every city of Greece in which he should take up his abode.

And men of letters and artists were they not crowned as heroes at the Olympic games and treated with the utmost munificence: the haughty Charles the fifth, did he then debase himself when he picked up the pencil which Titian had dropped, and presented it to him, saying *Titian merits to be served by Cæsar?*

Pardon me replied my caustic companion, but I cannot help recollecting apropos the noble trait of the strokes of the cane, with which a certain great emperor favoured not very long ago, the shoulders of one of the most celebrated portrait painters of Europe.

Let me alone replied I pettishly, you are always talking to me of upstarts; while I wish to speak to you of Francis the first that gallant king, who deserved the title of *Father of Letters*, and who melting into tenderness, received the last sighs of *Leonardi da Vinci* in his own arms. I would speak to you too of the honours accorded, a few years since to sir Joshua Reynolds, by a people who know how to appreciate merit, and who placed his ashes in Westminster Abbey amongst those of their kings, and heroes.

No I cannot believe that in a country which has had Franklin for a legislator, we can much longer meet with humiliations when in the possession of talents; as if it were not by talents alone, that man is distinguished from the vulgar herd: that in a new country the majority of individuals, should occupy themselves only with commerce, is what the law of necessity prescribes, but that it should be common to meet here with men worth millions, men of letters, who have travelled, who have seen all those works of genius that for 20 ages have been the honour and boast of human powers, and that it should be easier to count the *amateurs* amongst them, than to number one's fingers, this is what must astonish and wound every lover of the sciences, and which ought to humble every friend of his country.

It is true, rejoined my comrade, that the Financiers and the Publicans of Europe had at least the judicious vanity of concealing the grossness of their own ignorance and thirst of gold, by surrounding themselves with persons of merit, thus they contrived in some measure to reflect upon themselves, a part of the eclat, which talents, information, and polished manners, give to those who possess them. It was thus they played the *great*, and by this latent pride, this borrowed merit, they made themselves supportable, and sunk into oblivion the origin perhaps too often vicious, of their rapid fortunes and at length be-

came by these means agreeable and civilized, instead of continuing ridiculous. Rapacity very often disappoints itself by its own avidity: if gold had not been every thing here, it would have been more abundant. For the last 15 years America might have attracted to herself, a vast number of men of the most brilliant talents who in their turn would have tempted thousands of wealthy Europeans to follow. But for this it would have been necessary to know how to profit by the disasters of Europe, as Italy knew how to avail herself of the fall of the eastern empire, in welcoming the last depositors of the genius of the Greeks. These advantages might have been attained at so much cheaper a rate as it is well known, that men who cultivate letters and the arts, are ever more eager for honours and distinction than for money—the slightest encouragement, some gratuities in lands; some public establishment which in serving them as an asylum would have hastened by many generations the progress of the human understanding;—such would have been the easy and honourable means, which North America might have taken, to place itself with no less eclat than rapidity amongst the most learned of nations. Then the artist would not have found himself here as in a place of exile, where no one comprehends him, where he is only sought after to be filched of some useful information, to deprive him very quickly both of the profit and the honour to be derived from it after having sacrificed or massacred his ideas, as ignorance cannot fail to do, when it would attempt executing and correcting that of which it knows nothing. Then persons of talents would soon feel themselves naturalised, and, very far from aspiring only to repass the ocean, without delay, to behold once more the abode of genius: they would have exalted this refuge of the arts in the reports they would have made of it. Far from being alarmed by the accounts so full of gall and bitterness, which those men who have been wounded by the reception they have received here have given of it in Europe, the man of refinement, the man of taste, would not dread coming to the United States, as if he were about to sequester himself from all enlightened society, or to bury himself alive in another Siberia.

What you say is perfectly true, said my winged Aristarchus: it should seem indeed that no European gentleman can resolve to come and die here, unless he is proscribed, or resolved to become a Broker, a Quaker or a Savage. If the republic of Florence had given no better encouragement to the Greek *Apollonius*, the restorer of the schools of painting, than has been given to the European artists, who have been tempted to come here and



seek peace and employment; if Leo the 10th, the Medicis, and Frances 1st had not judged of the influence of the arts, as well as politicians as men of taste; the last spark of science would have been extinguished for want of nutriment and Europe ere now would have sunk again into the gloom of barbarism.

A cry at once, loud and sepulchral, that issued from the foot of the locust tree, on whose flowers we were reposing, alarmed us and cut short our discourse. I thought for a moment it was some unfortunate wretch about to give up the ghost by some sudden accident—however I was mistaken—It was only a watchman, who disturbed the sick, annoyed lovers, gave the alert to the jealous, the night mare to women, terrified children, and announced to robbers the moment to escape, and all this to inform the sleeping that it was fine weather.

I cursed this officious bawler with all my heart, wishing him an extinction of voice and took leave of my companion till the morrow.

M. A.

“One of the greatest miseries of human life, is that state of apathy, to which every mind is in a certain degree subject, for which our language has not a word sufficiently expressive, but which the French call ennui. To this state of mental indifference, corporeal pain is sometimes comparative pleasure. For what can we know more miserable than that man, who loathing all the pleasures of life, and sinking under the weight of intolerable indifference, becomes a burthen to himself. This then is frequently experienced in all those vacant minds, who have no taste for literature; and who fly for amusement to ephemeron pleasure; for of this kind are all the pleasures and inventions of mere amusement. It has been very properly remarked, that books constitute a cheap pleasure, for cheap they are in comparison of the expensive and fatal amusements of the gamester or debauchee. Books concentrate the wisdom of ages. By them we are enabled to recover the past, to improve the present, and to predict the future. To consult them is to “converse with the mighty dead.” In them the better part of an author survives.—They are mental alembics that extract, collect and condense the volatile effusions of the mind. They are companions that cannot weary, because we can quit them at pleasure; and we can relish all their excellencies without disgust at the offensive or pitiable frailties of their authors. An attentive reader in his library, enjoys the wisest and best companions of antiquity; he lives with them; is delighted by their wit, or admonished by their instruction. He sits surrounded by human ability of the highest kind.

He is the friend and the intimate of heroes and statesmen; of wits and philosophers; of moralists and saints; of all that have ornamented human nature, or exalted religion. “*Studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblesant, secundus res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nolis, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*”

[We give the following extract from Carr’s “Northern Summer,” an interesting and pleasing work. We would ardently recommend it to our fair readers to permit these travels and other numerous volumes of the same description, which are eminently calculated to improve the taste and cultivate the mind, at the same time that they charm the imagination and beguile the hours of ennui, to usurp in their estimation the place of the sickening love tales of the day. To acquire a taste for elegant literature, it is only necessary to cultivate it—and the advantages resulting from this taste every one will acknowledge. Dr. Moore’s Travels, Cogan’s Tour along the Rhine, lady Montague’s Letters, and a thousand other well known productions of the same nature lay undisturbed on the shelves of the library, while “Ella, or the Delusion of the Heart,” and all the other trumpery of the brain, whose authors had better have been ploughing the ground or manufacturing tarts, than burthening the press with their wretched nonsense, are never out of their hands. It is not necessary that a lady should understand Greek or Latin, or be profoundly versed in history, politics or theology;—but that she should furnish herself with some materials for conversation, when the interesting topics of the weather, the fashions and the news of the day are exhausted even though she aspire to nothing higher in literature would at least seem essential.]

It is with deep regret that I approach the delicate and awful subject of this chapter. Humanity would gladly cover it with the pall of oblivion: but justice to the memory of an unhappy monarch, and to the chief of the august family of Russia, demand a candid though careful development of the events which preceded the fall of the late emperor. The original source of my information is from one who beheld the catastrophe which I am about to relate, whom I can neither name nor doubt; a catastrophe which is too near the period in which I write, not to render an unrestrained disclosure of all the particulars with which I have been furnished unfair, if not imprudent. The cause that first created those well-known prejudices which Catherine II. cherished against her son, have perished with

her: but years which at the age of eighteen, by the power of her beauty, and the influence of her birth, permitted her to right, from even the most private mended, Catherine, her friend, her son of her son, held himself, him birth, The press, his attack, son. He of time. A gentle man of taste, since the he included, beams of in the tra steady, and played a brilliant, frank and der and af most acute not hands, ners such he was see ry and abl and bathin intellectu which he s rial family, tion, be re his childre fondness, his servan quite his to fill up the gloomy



her : but all the world knows, that, during the many years which rolled away between the grand duke's arrival at the age of maturity and his elevation to the throne, his august mother never admitted him to any participation of power, but kept him in a state of the most abject and mortifying separation from the court, and in almost total ignorance of the affairs of the empire. Although Paul, by his birth was generalissimo of the armies, he never was permitted to head a regiment; and although, by the same right, grand admiral of the Baltic, he was interdicted from even visiting the fleet at Cronstadt. To these painful privations may be added, that when he was recommended, that is, ordered, to travel, during his absence Catherine seized and sent to Siberia one of his most cherished friends, because she discovered that he had informed her son of some inconsiderable state affair. Thus Paul beheld himself not only severed from the being who gave him birth, but from all the ordinary felicities of life. The pressure of his hand excited suspicion; peril was in his attachment, and in his confidence guilt and treason. He could not have a friend without furnishing a victim.

A gentleman nearly connected with me, now no more, a man of talent & acute observation & veracity, had several years since the honour of spending a short period at the little secluded court of Gatchina, upon which, as the dazzling beams of imperial favour never shone, the observer was left in the tranquility of the shade, to make a more calm, steady, and undiverted survey. At this time, Paul displayed a mind very elegantly inclined, and without being brilliant, highly cultivated, accomplished and informed, frank and generous, brave and magnanimous, a heart tender and affectionate, and a disposition very sweet, though most acutely and poignantly susceptible: his person was not handsome, but his eye was penetrating, and his manners such as denoted the finished gentleman. In his youth he was seen by the bed-side of the dying Panin, the hoary and able minister of Catherine, and his tutor, kissing and bathing his hand with tears. As an evidence of his intellectual vigour, let the elaborate and able ukase, by which he settled the precedence and provision of the imperial family, unquestionably his own unassisted composition, be referred to. He loved his amiable princess, and his children, with the most ardent the most indulgent fondness, and it was the labour of their love, as well as of his servants, who were devotedly attached to him, to requite his affections and graciousness, and to endeavour to fill up with every endearing, every studied attention, the gloomy chasm which had been formed by an unnatu-

ral and inexplicable neglect; but this chasm was a bottomless abyss, upon the brink of which his wounded spirit was ever wandering! Paul possessed a high martial inclination, and, reflecting that he might one day mount the throne of a military empire, he made the art of war the principal object of his studies; but neither this pursuit, so copious, so interesting, nor the endearments of those who surrounded him, could expel from his mind the sense of his injuries. He beheld himself, the second personage and the destined ruler of the empire, postponed to the periodical favourite of his mother, the minister of her unbounded voluptuousness, not unfrequently elevated to the presidency of the hermitage from the ranks, with no other pretensions than vigorous health and a mighty frame; whilst, on the other hand, the bleeding shade of his father was forever, in his morbid imagination, pointing to his wound, and whispering revenge. Thus exiled from the heart of his mother, is it a matter of surprise that he should exclude her from his own?

Catherine more than once observed, that her son would not long occupy the throne after her decease; and it has been the fashion to say, that her alienation from him was justified by the events which succeeded her death. With this prophetic spirit, she devoted all her care to the education of her grandsons, Alexander and Constantine, and exercised all the powers she possessed towards the consummation of her prediction. She foretold that the flower which she had planted would wither early: she shook it till every blossom fell, and shaded it so, that the dew of heaven would never visit it more: she pressed and pierced the delicate and ardent mind of her son until she subverted it. Was it then a proof of inspiration, to prognosticate the brevity of his reign over an empire, the history of which has too often and fatally proved, that however despotic its government, and there is not one under heaven more absolute, a cautious & dexterous cultivation of the interest, feelings, prejudices, and affections, of the people, is inseparable from the safety of the ruler.

A short time before her demise, Catherine committed to P——— Z———, her last favourite whom she highly esteemed, a declaration of her will, addressed to the senate, purporting that Paul should be passed over in succession, and that the grand duke Alexander should mount the vacant throne. As soon as the favourite was acquainted with the sudden death of the empress, he flew to Pavlovsk, about thirty-five versts from the capital, where Paul occasionally resided, whom he met on the road, and, after a short explanation, delivered up to him this important document. Paul, charmed with his zeal and loyalty, pre-



served him in all his honours and fortunes, whilst a general and rapid dispersion, to all points of the compass, instantaneously succeeded amongst the members of the *male seraglio* of the Hermitage. The emperor ascended the throne without difficulty, but a total stranger to his subjects. One of the first measures of his reign displayed, in a very singular manner, the native goodness of his heart, under the clouds that rapidly began to overshadow it, in an act of piety towards his murdered father, whose remains he removed from the church of St. Alexander Nevski, called the Monastery; and having exhibited them in great funeral state, he consigned them to the sepulchre of Catharine II. in the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. The latter part of this extraordinary transaction has often induced me to think that Paul did not believe that his mother issued the order for the assassination of his father.— At this eccentric solemnity, he compelled count Alexey Orloff, and prince Baratynski, under whose hands the unhappy monarch is said to have perished, to stand on each side of the body as it lay in state, and afterwards to follow it to the tomb, as the principal mourners.

Not long after this event, his mind began occasionally to display the most fearful symptoms of distraction; but when his reason was restored, the hapless emperor never failed to endeavour, with the most affecting sensibility, to repair the ruin and havoc which his delirium had occasioned. The deposed Stanislaus, the broken-hearted king of Poland, partook alternately of his beneficence and severity; but with what demonstration of respect and genuine grief did the emperor attend the obsequies of this last of the Sarmates? On that gloomy occasion, he commanded in person the guards who assisted at the funeral; and uncovering himself, with the most affecting emotions, saluted the coffin as it passed. To the memory of the hoary and heroic Suvaroff, who fell a broken-hearted victim to the distraction of his imperial master, in periods of agonized and compunctious reflection, he raised a colossal statue of bronze, in the vast area behind Benskoi's palace, opposite to Romantsoff's monument; and on the days when he reviewed his troops there, he used to order them to march by in open order, and face the statue, which he said represented one of the greatest and bravest generals of his own or any other age.

Notwithstanding the important service which P—— Z—— had rendered him, the emperor could never separate him, in his mind's eye, from the caresses of his mother, and speedily became disgusted with him; spoke of him with great asperity to his friends, and at length converting the bounty of Catherine into a robbery, he de-

nounced him as a defaulter to the imperial treasury of half a million of rubles; and, convinced of the justice of the allegation, proceeded, without loss of time, to sequester the vast estates which belonged to him and to his two brothers. Driven to desperation by such conduct, one of the sufferers, the second brother, one day boldly walked up to the emperor upon the parade, and, with manly eloquence, represented the injustice of his measures. Paul received him without anger, heard him without interruption, reflected, and restored the property: but the original disgust rapidly returning, he ordered P—— Z—— to reside upon his estate, to which he submitted for a considerable time. But the mind of the exile was too ardent to endure seclusion; ambitious, bold, active, and enterprising, he determined upon releasing himself from the unjust constraint imposed upon him by his sovereign, the delirium of whose mind now frequently burst forth with all the fury and desolation of a convulsed volcano. Messrs. Otto, Sieyes, and Talleyrand, who, at that time, formed a diplomatic trio, or rather were spies, at the court of Petersburg, with the dexterity of talent, and the subtlety of Frenchmen, resolved to turn the gathering storm to the advantage of their own country, by means, which, extending beyond their calculation and their wishes, finally and rapidly led to the overthrow of the emperor. Under their tuition, a French actress was introduced on the boards of the French theatre at Petersburg, and placed in such situations of allurements, that the eye of the emperor could not but notice her. The ruin of domestic happiness furnished these politicians with the means of their success. A French actress was destined to estrange the emperor from his family, and to create a temporary and terrible change in the affairs of Europe. Madame Chevalier possessed that style of face, which, without being regularly handsome, was more sweet, expressive, and captivating, than the exact symmetry of a finished beauty. Her person was small, but delicate, and rather *embonpoint*: her manners were of the highest order, and enchanted every one who approached her. The emperor was fond of music: madame Chevalier excelled upon the harp, and sang to it some sweet and crafty verses, composed by one of her three employers, and which she herself had set to music; the subject of which was, the martial skill, valour, and generosity, of the emperor. She had not spread her witcheries long, before an evening was appointed for a private gratification of the musical taste and passion of the emperor. This Syren very soon became the sole idol of his shattered mind, which she moved according to the direction of her secret principals, until the emperor with-

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Mr. Easy

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draw himself from his alliance with Austria, recalled Suvaroff, and his army covered with glory, crowded the roads to Siberia with British subjects, and filled with terror and consternation the exchange of the British empire.

(To be concluded next week.)

FOR THE COMPANION.

Mr. Easy,

As a review of books enters into your present plan, I cannot resist the temptation of offering you some remarks on a most extraordinary publication that has just fallen into my hands. It is a work written by the Rev. THOMAS LEDLIE BIRCH, as appears by the title page; in which he gives a detailed account of a series of litigations he has had with the presbitery of Ohio and the general assembly of the Presbyterian church. He charges the presbitery with a conduct that he calls *inquisitorial, with prejudging his cause, deciding contrary to evidence, and in defiance to every pretension to justice*. He appealed twice to the general assembly, and thus he speaks in one place of the decision of that august body: "There was a point at issue between the reverend presbitery of Ohio and Birch referred to the supreme church judicature: if the presbitery of Ohio was right, why was not their zeal in keeping error, ignorance, imbecility of mind, and a profligate reprobate out of the church, applauded by an honourable acquittal, and the rejection of their defamer?" "If Birch was injured, why was he not redressed, by censuring his persecutors, and declaring the point in dispute determined in his favour, instead of turning him back to another year's probation and renewed examinations perhaps without end?" This assuredly cannot be true. Such temporizing and partial conduct can never have existed in a body of men who are distinguished for their piety, their learning, and their strict adherence to the pure principles of the gospel. One of his complaints, in a subsequent appeal to the general assembly, against the Presbitery of Ohio is, "for want of stability in their resolves; they having in the Tuesday evening's session, determined to proceed with my examination, and ordered me to attend for that purpose next morning; yet next day, after being obliged to wait out of doors upwards of four hours, I was rejected without any hearing." His fourth complaint is, "for the sentence of the rev. presbitry being unjust, defamatory, and contrary to the spirit and letter of the gospel." The fifth, "for insult, threatened violence and intimidation." The sixth,

"For the decision of the Rev. Presbitery being void of mercy." These are charges which cannot be well founded. The gentlemen who compose that Presbitery, could never have given any colour for such disgraceful imputations. They must have been the suggestions of a disordered mind, incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong. In other parts of his work he charges the Presbitery of Ohio with *inquisitorial proceedings, corrupt judgment*, and he afterwards charges the general assembly with having, in proceeding with him, begun in *injustice and breach of faith, and ended in hypocrisy and deception*." He adds, the Presbitery of Ohio were not only screened from censure, but their conduct towards Birch declared just and benevolent! If such is the mercy a majority of the very reverend general assembly approved of, it might be edifying to the public to let them know what they esteem cruelty, and then he quotes from Genesis the enunciation of Jacob, in accusing Simeon and Levi as instruments of cruelty, "*O my soul, come not thou into their secret, unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united.*" He grounds this offensive declaration upon the ultimate decision of the general assembly in this case, which he terms an *evasive, permitting, forbidding, allowing, dissuading resolution*. In a pamphlet of 144 pages, very small print, he is libellous in *almost* every line, and as I understand he has had 4000 copies printed, and is most zealously distributing them over every part of the union, they cannot fail to have a very injurious effect. Were the work written with the pen of a Burk or a Junius, it would raise a flame that would not be readily appeased. As it is, perhaps it may better suit those of humbler capacities, on whom it is probably intended more particularly to operate. As he has obtained a verdict in his favour in two suits that he instituted against members of the Presbitery of Ohio for defamation, this gives to his assertions a stamp of authenticity, to which they could have otherwise no pretensions. I am anxious to see this strange business minutely examined, stripped of all its false colouring, and the credit of the two reverend bodies established beyond all possibility of contradiction. As church authority is not recognised here by the constitution, it depends wholly upon the correctness with which it is exercised for giving it efficacy. If in any instance the purposes for which it was delegated, are perverted, it will be, in proportion disregarded, and the interests of a church which embraces a very large body of our citizens will fall into neglect to the great injury of morals, to the manifest detriment of what should be most dear not only to the pastors but to the people.

C.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## FOR THE COMPANION.

Ah! what is this that on my brow,  
 Presses with such o'erwhelming power?  
 My love to heaven is gone I know;  
 But 'tis to fix our bridal hour:  
 Then on his tomb why should I sorrow?  
 He's gone—but he'll return to-morrow  
 Ah then yon lofty hill I'll mount,  
 And seize on morning's brightest cloud:  
 On that I'll wait my love and count  
 The moments till he leaves his shroud:  
 And he the rainbow's vest shall borrow,  
 To grace our bridal day to-morrow.  
 But all's not right in this poor heart;  
 Yet why should I his loss deplore;  
 It was indeed, a pang to part,  
 But when he comes he'll rove no more,  
 And all to-day can laugh at sorrow,  
 When sure of being blest to-morrow.  
 Then why am I in black array'd,  
 And why is Henry's father pale?  
 And why do I poor frantic maid,  
 Tell to the winds a mournful tale?  
 Alas! the weight I feel is sorrow;  
 No, no—he cannot come to-morrow!

JUDY O'DONNELLY.

## FOR THE COMPANION.

## INVITATION.

Lovely, blue-ey'd, blooming Nancy!  
 Wilt thou listen to my song?  
 Long on thee I've plac'd my fancy,  
 On thy beauties doated long.  
 See, young spring the meads adorning,  
 Hark—the song of yonder grove  
 Bids thy blushing face “good morning,”  
 And invites thy heart to love.  
 There, the moss-rose sweetly blushes,  
 And the lowly wild flower hides;—  
 Faintly murmuring thro' the rushes,  
 There a haunted streamlet glides:  
 On whose borders, nightly playing,  
 Troops of little forms are seen;  
 As the milk-maid, homeward straying,  
 Sings her ditty on the green—  
 But, sweet girl! the whitest blossom,  
 That in this Elysium blows;  
 Vies not with thy fairer bosom,  
 Nor can half its charms disclose!—  
 Come, O! come, and while my fancy,  
 Paints thy sweet ambrosial kiss;  
 Softly whisper, “'tis thy Nancy,  
 “Come to give her Frederick bliss.”

FREDERICK.

## THE SEASONS.

BY MISS M—, 1797.

I love the soft'ning grace, the varied charms,  
 Which on the earth's enamel'd bosom play;  
 When nature burst from April's humid arms,  
 And springs impatient to the Ides of May.  
 I love the rip'ning beam, the fervid glow  
 Which crowns with full maturity the year;  
 When busy summer shews his swarthy brow,  
 And severs from its root the bending ear.  
 I love the rich profusion Autumn yields,  
 When in his party-colour'd robes array'd  
 He treads triumphant o'er the brighten'd fields,  
 And binds their rifled honours round his head.  
 I love the bright effulgence winter wears,  
 When o'er the plain his fleecy showers descend,  
 And the soft germ which shivering nature bears  
 From the rude blast and piercing frost defend.  
 I love—but ah! such matchless beauties rise,  
 So thick the forms of varied goodness throng,  
 That sweet confusion dims my wondering eyes,  
 And swelling transports overpow'r my song.  
 For still the impress of a hand divine  
 Marks each mutation of this earthly ball;  
 Through all its scenes a parent's bounty shines  
 Father of light and life!—I love them all.

## TO THE RIVER LEIGH\*—BY MISS M—

Fair Lehigh to thy placid stream,  
 A pensive nymph attunes her lay,  
 Who guided by thy lunar beam,  
 Delights along the banks to stray.  
 Far from the noisy boisterous crew,  
 Who harrow oceans anxious breast,  
 Thy gentle waves soft zephyrs woo,  
 And on thy lucid margin rest.  
 Not even the tender voice of love,  
 Disturbs dull echo's calm repose;  
 Far hence his jealous cares remov'd,  
 His joys unknown, unknown his woes.  
 But science to the infant mind  
 Displays her fascinating charms,  
 And on thy verdant banks reclin'd  
 Cradles young genius in her arms.  
 Oh! could I from the world retire;  
 To quiet give each future hour;  
 And, by the crystal waves inspir'd,  
 With rapture court the muse's power.  
 Then, Lehigh, to thy placid stream,  
 Enamour'd would I bend my way,  
 And by Dian's friendly beam  
 Inscribe to thee the grateful lay.

\* The river Lehigh runs thro' Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, where is established a religious society, who maintain schools, separate and apart, for the education of male and female children, the latter conducted by females. It was on a visit to Bethlehem, this invocation to the Lehigh was written by Miss M.